

CRAZY SNAKE DEFIES TROOPS

OF OKLAHOMA

Encamped With Big Force
of Indians and Negroes
in Natural Fortress.

Militia Are Near But Hesitate to Attack Big

late to Attack His
Camp.
Efforts to Get Creek Chief
to Surrender — Outbreak
Probably Long Planned—
Indians Are Well Armed
and Will Fight Hard

Stidham, Okla., March 29.—Chief Chitto Harjose—Crazy Snake—has been located. With a number of heavily armed Indians he is lying in a ravine about two miles above his former camp. The place is a natural fortress.

There is but one approach and it could be held by three against an army. The military men are now camped at Hickory Hill this morning. The firing heard early to-day seems to have been done by members of a volunteer company who have joined the Indian hunters.

Owing to the strong position occupied by Crazy Snake, Colonel Hoffman will probably endeavor to secure his peaceful surrender. The Indians retorted so quietly and quickly to the place where they are now encamped is declared here to be evidence

Crazy Snake has more than a hundred of his own men with him. All are heavily armed. Besides these there are a large number of negroes. Thirty

armed negroes joined him late yesterday. That the deputy sheriff of Stidham, was not killed by the Indians, is the current rumor to-day.

According to a statement made to-day the deputy accidentally killed himself with his own gun.

The Penalty of Kindness.
The man who had about three times as much as he could carry felt in his pocket for a pickel. The conductor waited patiently while he extracted a package of cigarette papers, four matches, a little wad of string and a

"Noshing doin'," said the sozzled one and immediately lost interest in the matter.

"Come, get off," said the conductor, "Here; it's Jefferson avenue. I can't let you on any further without a ticket."

Just then a fat man leaned over and gave the conductor a nickel. "Let him ride," he said, and the "con" rang up the fare and passed on.

The passenger opened one watery eye sleepily.

"Where do I go?" he exclaimed, "Wy, Jefferson avenue!"—St. Louis Republic.

Bigger Than the Sun.
A minute parallax or about one-sixtieth of a second of arc found for

Arcturus by Dr. Elkin gave a most astounding result. This small parallax implies a distance from the earth equal to about 12,000,000 times the sun's distance. This vast distance would produce a diminution of light of

about thirty-five and one-fourth magnitudes, so that the sun placed at the distance of Arcturus would be reduced to a star of only nine and three-fourths magnitude. It would not be visible with an opera glass. Arcturus is therefore in round numbers nine and

one-half magnitudes, or over 6,000 times brighter than the sun would be at the same distance. Assuming the same density and brightness of sun surface as the sun, the diameter of Arcturus would therefore be about seventy-nine times the sun's diameter.

over 68,000,000 miles, and its mass about 500,000 times the mass of the sun—figures well calculated to “stagger the imagination.”

Why Sailors Like “Sopsa.”

It has long been observed that the sailor, whether in commercial or government service, takes a peculiar delight in "mixing up" with the blue coat, but this inclination has been attributed more to a natural exuberance which comes with a land leave, so

celerated somewhat by artificial means than to animus inherent with deep-sea life. But why this feeling? Perhaps it is that the strict rules of marine service, the long periods of close confinement to which the seaman is subjected make him a hater of any and

who wears the emblem of authority when he is temporarily enjoying freedom on shore leave away from the restraints aboard ship. The sailor wants liberty in its full sense, and realizing that the bluecoat is the chief obstacle

to his obtaining it, he develops a firm conviction that the policeman ought to be trounced on general principles. It is at this time it becomes his chief peaceful ambition.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

Poetic Justice.

A certain couple in a New England village, each the parent of six children, had meted out to them a kind of poetic justice in which they failed to see the poetry.

The woman, a widow, pleading that he had no home and was therefore

unable to care for her children, induced the local authorities to admit them to an orphan asylum. The man, a widower, pleading he had no housekeeper and therefore no one to care for his children, induced the authorities to admit his six also.

All went well for a few months when the authorities, learning of the situation, promptly dispatched the twelve children back to their parents.

nd, the woman no longer able to represent herself as homeless or the man without a housekeeper, they were forced to receive them.

WANT AD. GENT & WORK - 2